

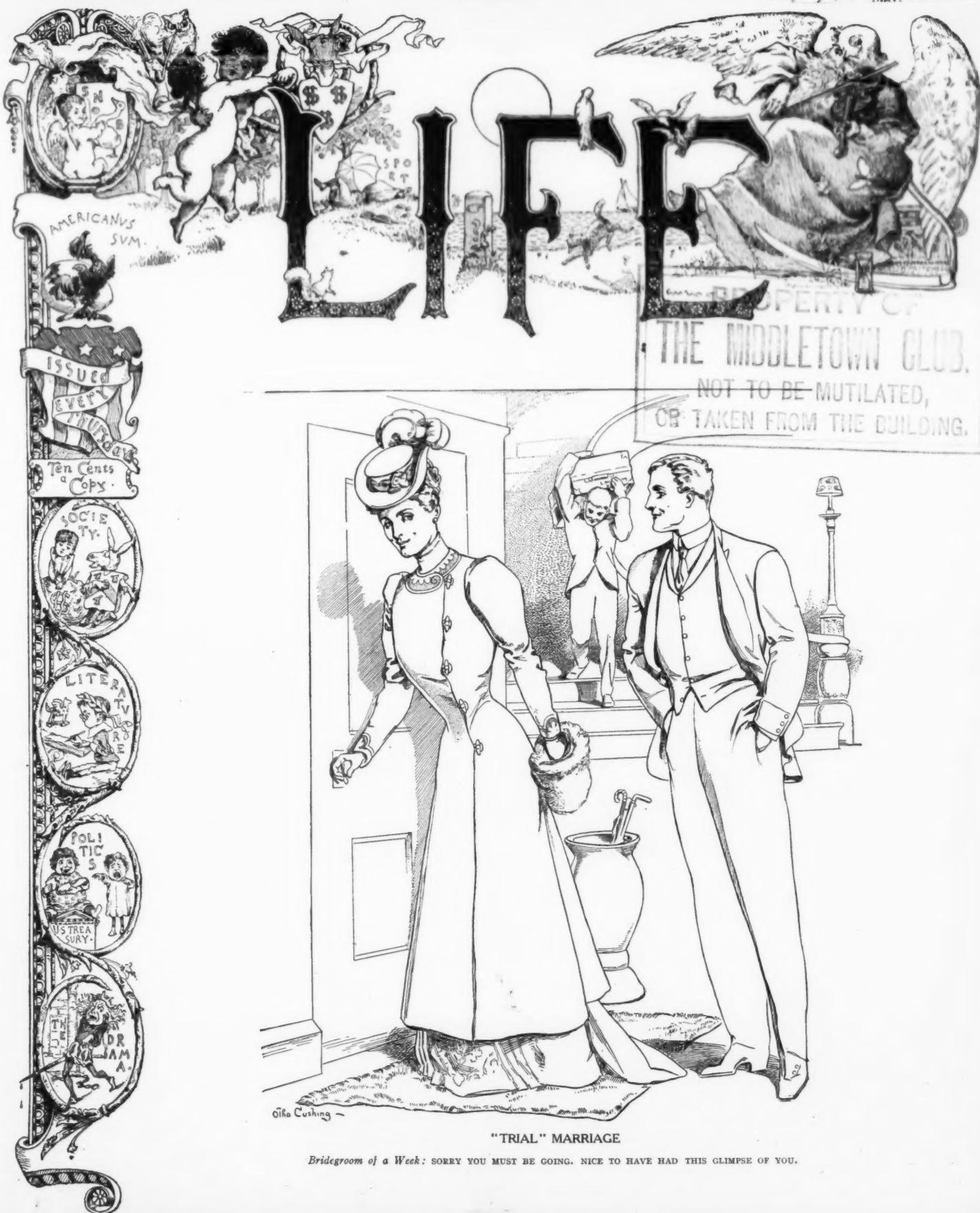
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Bridegroom of a Week: SORRY YOU MUST BE GOING. NICE TO HAVE HAD THIS GLIMPSE OF YOU.



Real Southern Hospitality Awaits You at America's Most Magnificent Resort Hotel

HAVE you ever visited the Hotel Chamberlin at Old Point Comfort, Virginia? If you have not, life still holds for you one of its principal pleasures.

For this ideal resort has justly earned its place as "The Famous Rendezvous of The Army! The Navy and Society."

* * *

At the Hotel Chamberlin you enjoy a marine panorama unsurpassed in the world.

For Old Point Comfort is practically surrounded by Chesapeake Bay, the James River and Hampton Roads.

In winter the air is kept mild and balmy through the influence of the Gulf Stream.

The climate is free from extremes of heat and cold, the air laden with ozone from the ocean and a natural growth of pines.

No resort is more accessible, for it is reached by the principal trunk-line railroads and palatial steamers from many points.

In situation and attractions the Hotel Chamberlin is really without a rival.

And it is also without a rival in either Europe or America for magnificence of arrangements and appointments.

But with all its luxuries, the atmosphere of good cheer and home-like coziness is the greatest feature of the Chamberlin.

This atmosphere will take possession of you as soon as you enter the beautiful Rotunda, and remain with you to the end; for in every part of the Chamberlin you will feel at home.

You will undoubtedly find the reason for all this in the real old-time Virginia hospitality, which is always extended to strangers—a welcome which extends from the darkey bell-boys



to the distinguished officers of the Army and Navy and all the guests of the Chamberlin.

You'll not forget this Southern Hospitality, and you'll not forget the Southern Cooking at the Chamberlin.

Have you ever reveled in the glories of Real Southern Cooking?

If you have not—you have yet to taste the most delicious food that ever regaled humanity.

It means a feast that will tickle the palate of the most fastidious epicure—an embodiment of wholesome deliciousness, the mere remembrance of which will bring its delights smacking to your lips again—long after you have partaken of it.

And you will be ready for it—you will be hungry.

Because, at Old Point Comfort the constant sweep of ozone-laden sea breezes will sharpen the most languid appetite.

Then, you will delight in all those sea products for which Tidewater Virginia is famous.

Oysters, terrapin, crabs and fish are fresh from nearby waters and are not refrigerated when served a la Chamberlin.

With these, a variety and an abundance of everything good to eat—garden products of a quality which our ideal climate makes possible.

And last, but not least, the Real Virginia Corn Bread, Smithfield Ham, Terrapin a la Chamberlin, All the Real Thing—no imitations.

The daily menus of the Chamberlin are elaborate and elegant, and the service is perfect.

* * *

These are a few of the reasons why you owe yourself a trip to Old Point Comfort.

Hotel Chamberlin

Fortress Monroe, Virginia

New This Year A complete bathing establishment has been installed by the Chamberlin. There is a Sea Pool radiant with sunlight, filled with pure, fresh sea-water at an agreeable temperature. There are Medicinal Baths of every description—Naheim Baths, Electric Light Baths, Massage Baths, Tonic Baths. Our baths possess everything offered by the best establishments, with the additional virtues of the salts of pure sea-water, which is extremely need. Special Booklet on Baths and Bathing on request.

If you fail to find literature descriptive of the Chamberlin at the offices of the various transportation companies, write to me. I will gladly give you any desired information regarding rates, reservation of rooms, etc. If you write me that you are coming, I shall be ready to welcome you, and every arrangement will be made for your comfort. Your room will be ready and your baggage will be taken in charge as soon as it reaches Old Point Comfort.

A pad of two hundred Score Cards for Bridge Whist for ten cents in stamps.



Forget business for three weeks—take a steamship cruise from New York to Porto Rico. Stop a day or two at interesting places.

Around Porto Rico

Most luxurious hotel accommodations on board steamer during the entire trip. All outside staterooms. Weekly sailings. Special tourist rate, including every expense, \$140. Send for booklet.

THE NEW YORK AND PORTO RICO STEAMSHIP CO.
12 Broadway, New York.
or Raymond and Whitcomb Co., 25 Union Square, N. Y.

Jamestown Exposition Just across the water from the Chamberlin, in full view, is the site of the Jamestown Exposition, celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the earliest English settlement in America. The Chamberlin will be headquarters for Foreign Officials and Commissioners during the Exposition, its location and equipment making it pre-eminently desirable for this purpose. The Chamberlin is the most convenient and comfortable residence for all visitors to the exposition. Its accommodations are ample and its facilities are unequalled.

Manager
Box 74
Fortress Monroe,
Va.



Puts new life into the convalescent. Creates a healthy appetite and good red blood.

LUYTIES BROTHERS, Agents, N. Y.

Halved for the Substitute

BISHOP TALBOT, the "Cowboy Bishop," the original of the bishop pictured by Owen Wister in his "Lin McLean" and "The Virginian," had a host of picturesque experiences during the years of his life on the plains when he was Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho.

Entering a particularly wild mining camp in Idaho one day, he went from one saloon and gambling house to another, inviting the men to attend a meeting in one of the dance-halls on the following day. Out of sheer curiosity to hear what this churchman would say, the men flocked to the meeting; and his trenchant words and his manliness made instant friends.

For three weeks he remained at the camp, working day and night, and when finally he announced that he must leave, a committee of miners solemnly went to him and offered him a salary of \$2,000 to stay and "hustle up this preachin' business." He was, of course, unable to accept their proposition, but offered to send them a good man in his place. To this, however, the committee demurred. It was not "in the deal," they said.

They retired for consultation, and then came back with another offer. "If you'll send us a good talker and a good mixer," they said, "we'll guarantee him at least \$1,000 a year. But, please," they added, imploringly, "don't send us no stick."—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN ENGLISH wit remarked of English women that while romance made wrecks of them, marriage made them look like public buildings.—*Harlequin*.

Permanent Receipt

IHAD often heard of the literal quality of the Chinese mind and had a personally delivered sample of it one morning. I went into a jeweler's shop to buy a souvenir spoon. The selection made, I wrote upon a piece of paper the inscription, "Hongkong, 1906," to have the same engraved on the bowl. As I started to leave the store the Chinaman called me back and asked for a deposit. I gave him 75 cents and made a note of the fact on the paper on which I had written the intended inscription. When I called for my spoon the next day it was inscribed in the bowl:

"Hongkong,

1906

Paid 75 Cents."

—*Travel Magazine*.

Unsolved

JACK LONDON, the novelist, has a great affection for children.

In San Francisco there are two twin sisters, little girls of six years, of whom Mr. London is very fond.

On the way to his boat one morning, Mr. London met one of the twins.

He stopped and shook her hand.

"Good morning, my dear," he said. "And which of the twins are you?"

"The little girl answered gravely:

"I'm the one what's out walkin'."—*Washington Star*.

FLORIDA, CUBA, SOUTH.
ATLANTIC COAST LINE
Office: Cor. Broadway and 30th Street



**1907 Model G, Series 2
45 H.P. 7 Passengers**

The oldest builders of high-power motor cars in America. We build the only thoroughly reliable motor car. No car at any price contains the high-grade material and careful workmanship which are found in the

Royal Tourist

THE ONLY CAR-ASK AN OWNER
The Royal Motor Car Co.
Member A.L.A.M. Cleveland, Ohio

ROYAL

We shall exhibit in New York only at the 7th Annual Auto Show, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 12-19, 1907. Also at Chicago Show.

No Amateur

WANT a job on the mine, eh? Do you know how to use dynamite?"

"Yes, sare. I was a practical anarchist for two years, until ze cheap German competition lose me ze job. I have blown up much of ze nobility of Europe."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"**JUDGE**," said the prisoner, "I would like to ask a few questions before I enter my plea."

"You have the Court's permission," said the judge.



**The Most
Searching Investigation
into the Construction of the
Baker Electric Reveals
no Weak Spot**

Examine a BAKER ELECTRIC as critically as you please, part by part, and you will find no minute detail neglected.

Unvarying, high-grade quality is present in every component part, quality in materials and workmanship, the kind of quality that insures a long life of satisfactory service at the lowest possible maintenance cost.

EIGHTY MILES ON ONE CHARGE OF THE BATTERY

and a wide range of speeds up to twenty miles per hour are included among the features of THE BAKER ELECTRIC for 1907.

All desirable features of previous models are retained and these combined with new ideas and new conceptions are worked out and perfected in our NEW FACTORY, the LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE IN THE WORLD devoted EXCLUSIVELY to making electric vehicles.

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We will exhibit in New York City only at the Seventh Annual Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden, Space No. 45.

No Amateur

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"And hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably," said the judge.

"Well, then, judge, I will enter my plea."

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"Guilty!"—*Army and Navy Life*.

Boiled Champagne
THE San Francisco fire has resulted in the discovery of a new drink which might be called boiled champagne. The fire cracked 100,000 bottles of sherry. This flood of seething gold flowed into a cellar where reposed 10,000 quarts of champagne. When the smoke cleared away the cellar was pumped dry and the champagne thus boiled in bottles was found—so San Franciscans assert—to be a wine that would tempt an anchorite and make driveling Silenus a youthful Bacchus.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Tours

Personally Conducted—Exclusively First-Class—to California—January 10th, February 7th and March 2nd under the auspices of the tourist department, Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line;

Include all expenses

—hotels, railway fare, sleeping car and dining car accommodations of the finest character, and numerous side trips. So arranged as to spend the disagreeable portions of the winter months in comfort and ease.

Write for itineraries and full particulars to S. A. Hutchinson, Manager, 212 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PC163



Pears is the most economical of all soaps—no water mixed with it (to make it big and look cheap)

Pears' Soap has obtained Twenty-one Highest Awards and has been sold for more than 100 Years. If it were not superior it would not have outlasted a Century.

Matchless for the Complexion.

Look how the Black Slave smiles

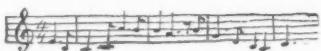
THIS ADVERTISEMENT

You Can Not Buy This Picture



Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

Copyright, 1906, Life Publishing Company



An Old Love Song

The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is $10\frac{1}{2} \times 15$ inches. The large print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Exora steel-plate paper, 19x24, ready for framing.

The Picture Will Not Be Sold

But the large print will be delivered, carriage prepaid, to **every new subscriber** to LIFE at \$5.00 a year, if we receive the remittance before February 1, 1907.

In place of "An Old Love Song," new subscribers may, if they so prefer, select prints from our catalogue to the value of \$2.50. The handsome little catalogue of LIFE'S PRINTS, with miniature reproductions of 127 drawings, will be sent to any address on application.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 WEST 31st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Dooley on Domestic Discipline

MR. DOOLEY, in his recently published "Dissertions," discusses domestic discipline in his own inimitable way:

"No gentleman shud wallop his wife, an' no gentleman wud. I'm in favor iv havin' wife-beaters whipped, an' I'll go further an' say that 'twud be a good thing to have ivry marrid man scorged about wanst a month. As a bachelor man, who rules entirely be love, I've spint fifty years investigatin' what Hogan calls th' martial state, an' I've come to th' con-clusion that ivry man uses silence to his wife. He may not beat her with a table-leg, but he coerces her with his mind. He can put a savage remark to th' pint iv th' jaw with more lastin' effect thin a right hook. He may not drag her around be th' hair iv her head, but he drags her be her sympathies, her fears an' her anxieties. As a last raycoorse he beats her be doin' things that make her pity him. An' th' ladies, Gawd bless them, like it. In her heart ivry woman likes th' strōng arm. Ye very seldom see th' wife iv an habitchool wife-beater lavin' him. Th' husband that gives his wife a vilet bokay is as apt to lose her as th' husband that gives her a vilet eye. Th' man that breaks th' furniture, tips over th' table, kicks th' dog an' pegs th' lamp at th' lady of his choice is seen no more often in our justly poplary divorce courts thin th' man who comes home arly to feed th' canary. Manny a skillful mandolin-player has been unable to prevent his wife fr'm elopin' with a prize-fighter."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

His Compliment

AN ASSISTANT secretary of one of the Federal departments at Washington in conversation frequently betrays his Celtic origin.

One day lately he lost his umbrella during a tour of several shops in quest of an article for his wife. Concluding that the umbrella must have been left in one of the three stores in question; he doubled on his trail and revisited them in turn.

"The umbrella has not been found here," he was told at the first establishment.

The same announcement was made at the second shop; whereupon the official, with a hopeless air, made his way to the third store.

There, to his delight, the umbrella was awaiting him. As the floor-walker handed it over, the overjoyed Celt exclaimed:

"Well, I must say you are more honest here than at those other stores!"—*Harper's*.

Sword of King Behanzin

BEHANZIN, King of Dahomey, has presented his sword to the French Minister for the Colonies. The weapon was purchased years ago at a theatrical costumer's by an explorer, who afterward gave it to Behanzin.

The King ordered the court armorer to make a sheath for it out of empty sardine tins, and wore it until quite recently.—*London Evening Standard*.

DOCTOR: You must go to a "rest cure." It will only cost you \$1,000.

PATIENT: But I can send my wife to Europe for less.—*Exchange*.

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE
"GALA PETER"

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
D. PETER Inventor
VEVEY SWITZERLAND

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
FOR EATING ONLY
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PETER'S
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PETER'S
THE leading eating chocolate of the world

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers, New York

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K
Knapp-Felt

hats are the best made. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe \$6. Knapp-Felt \$4.

Write for "The Hatman"
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
Broadway, at 13th Street

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Dards

FLORIST

Established 1874



Christmas
and
New
Year
Gifts a
Specialty

N. E. Cor. 44th St. and Madison Ave., N. Y.



HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Falling Hair

Recent investigations, both in this country and abroad, have proven beyond all question of doubt that falling hair is caused by a germ. Therefore, falling hair is a disease, a regular germ disease, and must be vigorously treated to be permanently cured.

Hall's Hair Renewer, as now made from the "revised formula," promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs which produce this trouble, at the same time restoring the hair and scalp to a healthy condition.

**Dandruff A Hair Tonic
Falling Hair A Hair Dressing**

Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume. The reason why we use each of these ingredients is set forth in a booklet, which we will mail to you upon request.

Ask your druggist for "the new kind"
New formula New style of bottle
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

ANDREW USHER & CO.

"EXCEPTIONAL"
"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."
AND
"OLD VATTED GLENLIVET"
(A BLEND OF OLD GLENLIVET & OTHER WHISKIES.)

SCOTCH WHISKIES.

G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.

Sole Agents, New York

The Stearns

THE consistent winning of all contests in which we have entered, the conspicuous victories in International and other hill-climbing contests (our stock model against racing cars), the absolute satisfaction of critical users who own other world-famous makes;—these were not accomplished without superior merit.

The ball-bearing engine, the superior connecting shaft, the safest steering gear in the world, the unmatched material and workmanship that make the Stearns "The Best Automobile" are described in the advance booklet for 1907, sent free. Write to-day to

F. B. STEARNS CO., Members A.I.A.M., 2085 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

NEW YORK: Wyckoff Church & Partridge, B'way at 50th St.

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CINCINNATI: Hughes Automobile Co., 68 Broadway.

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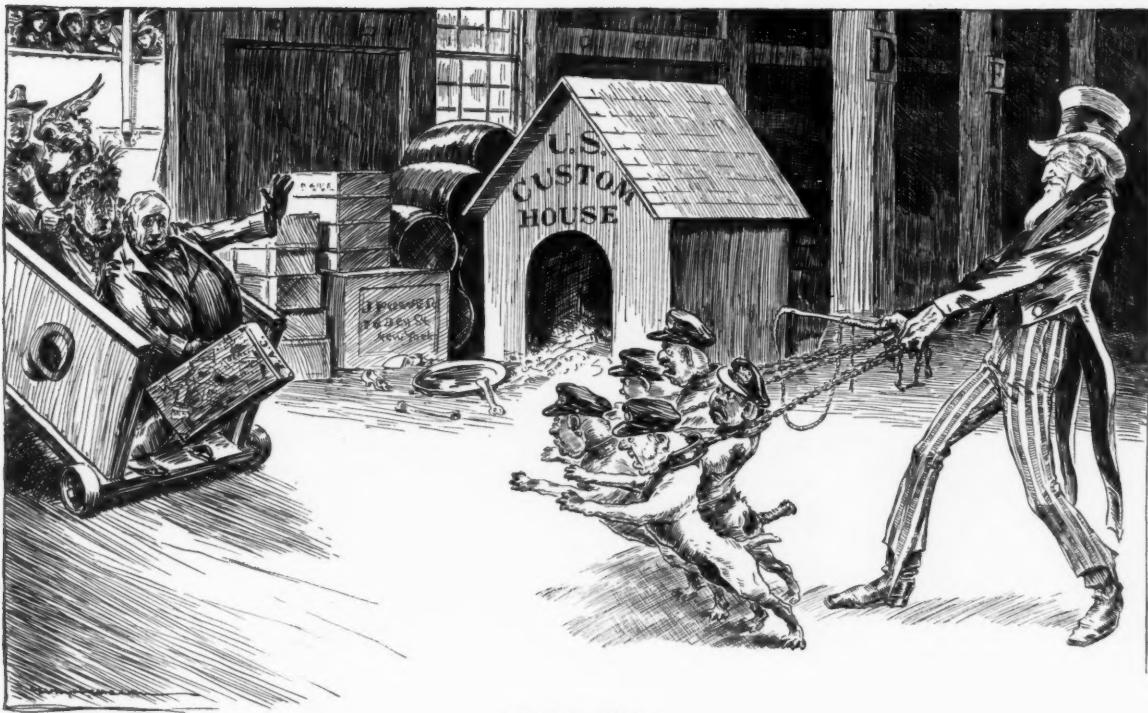
BOSTON: A. E. Morrison Co.

PITTSBURGH: Robert Pitt Automobile Co., Euclid Av. & Baum St.

SAN FRANCISCO: Automobile Co., 365 Fell St.



LIFE



WELCOME HOME

Snap Judgment on a Lady's Book

EVERYBODY—bishop, parson, newspaper writer, reformer, public-speaking woman and every one else—who has denounced Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons's book on "The Family" without reading the book, ought to be stood in the corner, face to the wall, until further notice.

We have not yet read the book ourselves, but it is obvious that it has been judged unread. Mrs. Parsons is a woman of standing, ability and respectability. Her book is published by a respectable house and there is no reason to suppose that it contains revolting propositions. It may be wise, and it may be unwise. Like as not it is unwise. But all the preliminary clamor about it seems to have been based on incomplete and garbled quotations from it that have appeared in some of the newspapers.

It is getting to be our national habit to form and expound opinions before we get the information on which they should be based. It is a habit much fomented by our fellow-citizens who write the headlines in the newspapers. It is a bad habit which we ought to overcome.

Mrs. Parsons seems not to have had a fair deal.

BAKER: How long have you had that horrid dyspepsia?
BARKER: I inherited my fortune in 1900.

Eastward the March of the Empire

EVERY true American, every patriot who loves his country, feels a thrill of pride in reading, for instance:

MANILA, Dec. 7.—A column of Constabulary troops encountered a band of Pulajanes between La Paz and Terragona, on the island of Leyte, December 5. In the battle that followed four soldiers were killed and eight wounded. Among the wounded was Lieut. Ralph P. Yates, Jr. His wounds are not serious.

Thirty Pulajanes were killed and many were wounded and captured. No details of the fight have been received.

Lieutenant Yates was wounded in a glorious cause. As for the Pulajanes who were killed and wounded, why, it is just as well they should learn that the "Constitution follows the flag." Other things follow the flag, as in all these benevolent wars of conquest. But why dwell upon them? When Graft and Glory march hand in hand, who shall say them nay?

Moments of History.

ULYSSES looked upon the sirens with considerable amusement, at the same time ordering the man at the prow not to hurry.

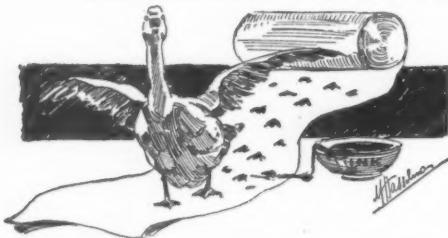
"There was a time," he observed flippantly, "when your antics would have amused me. But—musical comedy is not what it used to be."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. DEC. 27, 1906. No. 1261.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE Storer letters! Alas and alacka-day, what a mess! The President having thrown a bucket of tar at Mr. Storer, Mr. Storer comes home and rubs off what he can of it on the President. He has rubbed off a good deal. We wish the President had had the grit to grin and bear it, saying nothing. The *World* says of Mr. Storer: "No matter how angry he was with the President, it was his duty to protect the secrets he had acquired as Ambassador of the United States." The *Sun* makes a rasping allusion to "the President's amazing and shocking letter of December 11" (to Mrs. Storer) and laments that it was ever written.

When President Cleveland got tired and cross he got Dan, or Captain Evans, or some other good man, and went fishing. When President McKinley got tired and cross he smoked long black cigars on the back porch and talked to George. Mr. Roosevelt is an unfortunate man without any bad habits to fall back on, and when he gets tired and cross he sometimes dictates letters to his stenographer. He must have been tired and very cross when he wound up his correspondence with the Storers. We may properly wish that he had let them down with less of a jolt, for their intentions seem to have been honorable, however much their zeal may have outrun discretion, and if they had had a tolerably civil dismissal they would doubtless have locked up their papers and held their tongues.

That would have been better for them, better for the President, and much better for the rest of us, who are "the country." We are the people whose feelings and in-

terests deserved to be considered, for we had committed no indiscretion and done no wrong. Small consideration has been shown us. These aspiring Bellamy-Storers from Ohio, fulfilling in our name, and to some extent at our expense, their taste for ornamental life in Europe, have thought of themselves and their ambitions first, and of us and our honor and our credit last. The President, who put them forward more for his own purposes than for ours, should have borne with their mistakes and snuffed out their official life with due decorum, because as our representatives, if not as his, they were entitled to courtesy. But he extinguished them with a club, and they have come back at him with brickbats, and our feelings in the matter have been as little respected as though we were not on earth.

There is the main point in the whole matter. We, who are the people—we who are the country—have not been treated with the respect which is our due, nor has proper regard been paid to our fair name and reputation. We have a right to insist upon a higher standard of deportment among persons in our employ. And as for being umpires in a personal dispute in which indiscretion has been met by resentment and resentment by treachery, we don't want the job. Let them settle it out of court.



THERE are troubles in France. The Government under Clemenceau has determined upon the complete separation of Church and State, which have been working together for about a century under the terms of the concordat of Napoleon I. The State claims to own the Catholic churches and church property, but is willing that the clergy shall use them on the Government's terms. The terms are not so hard but that the French clergy would accept them. But the Pope forbids. So at this writing the authority of the Pope is in conflict in France with the authority of the Government, and the French clergy have been turned out-of-doors because the Pope has forbidden them to occupy their dwellings and use the churches on the conditions which the Government offers.

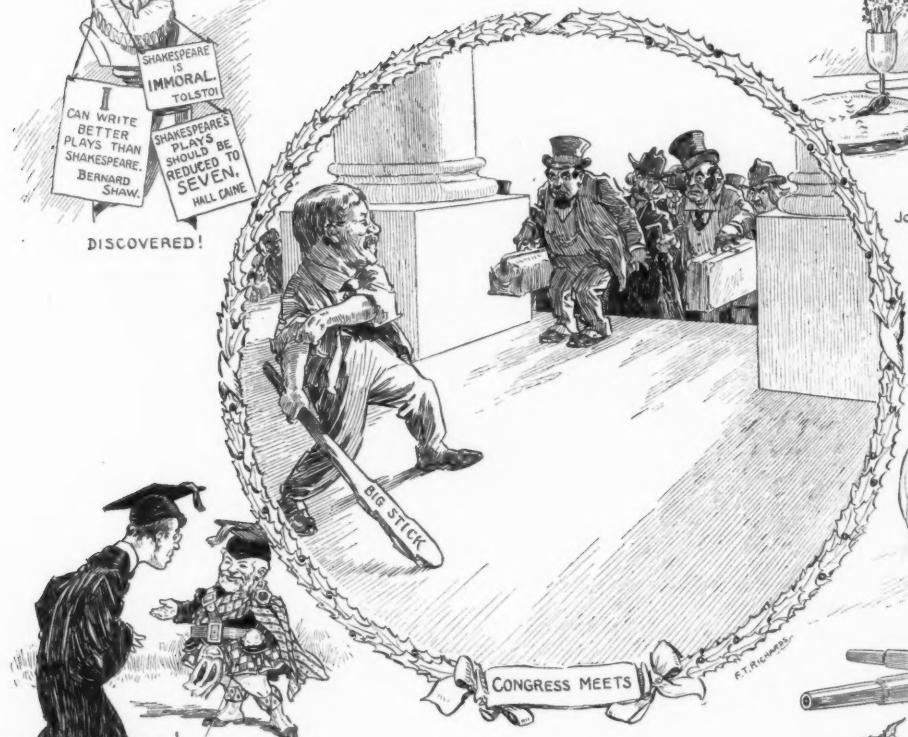
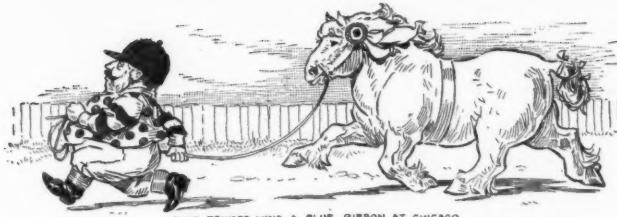
The present Pope is very old-fashioned in his ideas, and perfectly obstinate in

his fidelity to his convictions. His strength in his fight in France lies in his graces of character and deportment. He is so simple and so piously devoted that worldly wisdom seems to get very little grip on him. That makes him extremely hard to beat, whether right or wrong.

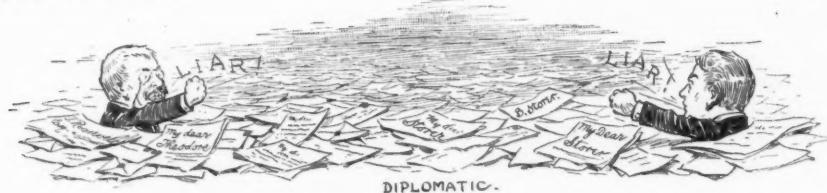
We should be glad to learn the opinions of the leading American Roman Catholic clergy on the merits of the Pope's attitude, but they do not discuss that, though frankly shocked at Clemenceau's confiscation measures. It is enough to say that the Pope seems entirely capable of sacrificing the material interests of his Church in France to what he considers to be its spiritual interests.

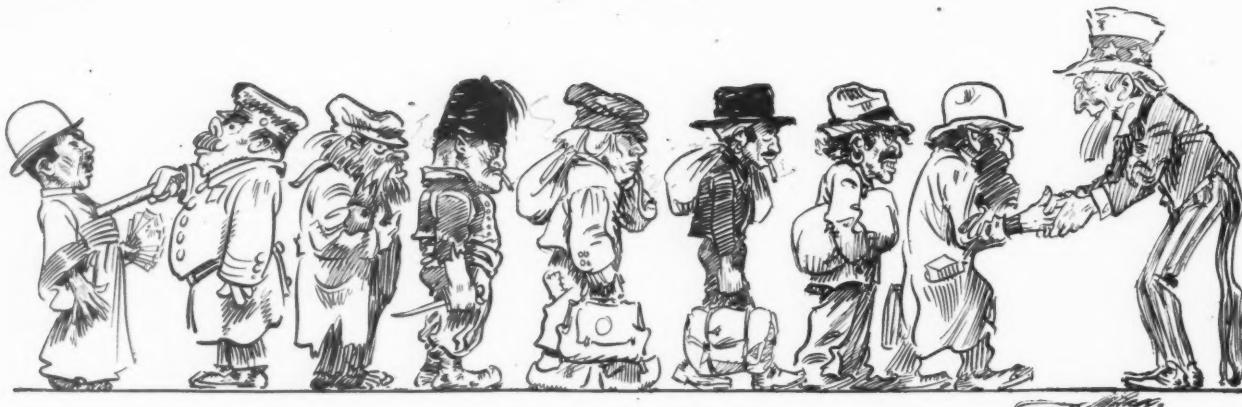


WE HAVE all been gratified that President Roosevelt got the Nobel Peace Prize. Nobody questions that he deserves it. He can beat the earth at making peace, also at making news and talk. The scrapes he gets into, the scrapes he gets out of; the things he attempts, the things he accomplishes, the things he demolishes; his appointments and his disappointments; the rebukes that he administers and those he receives; his assumptions, presumptions, omnisciences and deficiencies, make up a daily tale which those of us who survive his tenure of the Presidential office will doubtless miss, as we might miss some property of the atmosphere we breathe. No doubt we may breathe easier, but the air will have lost some of its flavor, and may seem so defective in stimulating qualities that some of us may need one more drink a day. There never was a President with whom the people played so hard the game of give and take. When he is not preaching to us we are preaching to him, and it is an off day when a group of us are not rolling with him in the metaphorical sawdust. At this writing the House has just voted, 142 to 25, prohibiting the payment of money covered by the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill for salaries of men who print documents in simplified spelling. Well, well! Every man his own simplifier seems a pretty good rule.



ANDREW CARNegie GIVES A LAKE TO PRINCETON





"WE DRAW THE LINE AT JAPANESE"

Principle or Prejudice?



If "HUMAN rights" we freely rant
And greet the foreign immigrant.
The greasy Pole we usher in,
And welcome, too, the low-browed Finn;
And when the whiskered Muscovite
Brings in his germs and dynamite
We give him cheer—but, if you please,
We draw the line at Japanese.

Our gates are wide. We do our best
To sort the rags from Budapest;
Sicilian bandits come to us
And are received without a fuss;
The Spaniard, too, averse to work,
And here and there a soapless Turk,
Arrive to stay—but, if you please,
We draw the line at Japanese.

The froth, the cream, the dregs, the scum,
Unstinted to our harbors come.
We fumigate them—when we can—
Admit them on the wholesale plan.
"Welcome," we tell them, "to our shore!
Come, clog the slums—there's room for more!
Don't stop to wash—but, if you please,
We draw the line at Japanese."

Meanwhile, a trifle vexed at least,
The Progress-Makers of the East,
Cleanly of body, quick of brain,
Ask for equality in vain.
The men who brought the Czar to bay
Are met like lepers, turned away
And tagged "unfit"—for, if you please,
We draw the line at Japanese!

Wallace Irwin.

Better Men, Please, Ladies!

THE American lady-novelists will oblige many friends if they will put a little more stiffening into their gentleman characters. The sort of man-substance they find it convenient to use in their books is giving the males of America a bad reputation. Such is the complaint of a writer (Miss Banks) in the *Times Review*, who cites an Englishman as saying that our girls are very well, but our men must be poor creatures, and as giving our lady-novelists' recent works as his authority.

Inasmuch as the lady-novelists write most of the American novels that are good for anything, it is a serious matter to have them exhibit our males to disadvantage. But look at them! Recall,

as Miss Banks does, the cowardly prig named Selden, that Mrs. Wharton set up for the man of her best-seller, the "gallery of cads and pygmies" in Miss Glasgow's New York story, the male persons to whom Mrs. Deland has last presented us. Of course, in a woman's novel a woman must be the great figure. That is right. But do our lady-novelists feel that their heroines can only reach a proper development by being associated with misbehaving fourth-rate men? Or do they happen to see only fourth-rate men. Or can it be that the American man is more of a convenience (or detriment) than an ornament to society, and that those ladies see him as he is?

Let us hope he is a better thing than he

seems to them. We fear, though, that while women have the making of most of our best stories, our men will not shine.

THE one thing that can afford to wait is Truth.

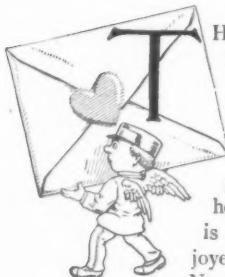
RECENT publications on "How to Listen to Music" suggest others:
How to see advertisements.
How to find the ideas in short stories.
How to ignore magazine poetry.
How to smell automobiles.
How to taste adulterated foods.
How to bear after-dinner speeches.
How to appreciate useless Christmas gifts.
How to listen to a baby.



FINANCIAL

CAUGHT IN THE LATE SQUEEZE

The Old New Year



HERE is a monotony about New Year's Day, "the nativity of our common Adam," which casts all life's other monotonies in the shade. One's own birthday is a step from milestone to milestone, and there is a definite termination to the journey; it gets us somewhere, whether we want to go or not; but the birthday of the year is our inheritance from a measureless past, and its sameness is the sameness of centuries. Perhaps Janus enjoyed his little New Year cakes, when kind old Numa first set them smoking on his altar. Perhaps the Romans of that pastoral period liked paying their bills and making good resolutions and giving undesirable presents to their neighbors, whenever this auspicious day came round. There was a freshness in men's hearts twenty-seven hundred years ago which may have inclined them kindly to recurrent duties and pleasures. And, after all, New Year was a novelty then. It may be that not a single Roman poet had written "Lines to the Dying Year." No Roman schoolchild recited, "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky." No Roman lady gave a Whittier Calendar, or a Christy Calendar, or a Church Calendar, or a Calendar of Gentle Thoughts to her unsuspecting friend. It was pleasant to live 713 B.C.

But now the programme is so full and so unvarying. We know the New Year editorial before we open our newspaper. We know the New Year sermon before we enter the church. We know our New Year mail before we see the billheads. We know the New Year poem, and the familiar picture of the Old Year, bent and bearded, giving place to his valiant little successor. We do not need a score of calendars—sad offerings of friendship—to make us aware that another twelvemonth lies ahead of us. We do not need a dozen engagement pads to warn us of all it has got to hold. There is a real unkindness in thrusting into our reluctant hands so many reminders of things we should like to forget.

Agnes Repplier.

Graceful Conduct of Daughters

LIFE joins Colonel Watterson and the *Courier-Journal* in praising the noble self-abnegation exhibited by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their recent meeting at Gulfport, Miss. It seems that the Daughters resolved that the sponsors and maids of honor ought to stay away from the Confederate reunion to be held in Richmond next May, and give the veterans a chance to be entertained.

The Daughters set forth in their resolutions that at recent reunions the sponsors and maids had got most of the attention, and that as Richmond would be very crowded, anyway, and its hospitalities heavily taxed, and as, moreover, the next May meeting is likely to prove the last annual reunion the Veterans will have, they ought to have the middle of the road and all the front seats at this one. So the maids and sponsors will hold off and the Veterans are to have the proceedings planned to suit them and the concomitants mixed with an eye to their infirmities.

That is, maybe they are. The Daughters have willed that they shall. But, of course, the Veterans may bolt and declare that an annual reunion without sponsors and maids of honor would be no good.

But it was handsome of the Daughters, wasn't it?

The Successful Rival



EMPLOYER : Have you any excuse to offer for speaking so impolitely?

OFFICE BOY : Yes, sir; I forgot that I wasn't talking over the telephone.

"Your apology is accepted."

Soldiers Who Died Untried

THE Topeka *State Capital* points out that the official annual reports of the Judge Advocate General of the Army do not seem to bear out the assertion that the abolition of the army canteen has demoralized the soldiers. The Judge Advocate's last report, it seems, shows a decrease of 204 trials by court-martial, as compared with the year before. The *State Capital* thinks that if the absence of the canteen were making mischief, there would be an increase in the number of trials, not a decrease.

Maybe so. But will our Kansas brother take a look at the latest report of the Surgeon-General of the Army? He will find there that the death rate in our army is next to the highest in the world, and that in alcoholism and dysentery our troops beat all the other armies.

Is there anything unlikely in the supposition that a considerable number of the troops that the Judge Advocate General's department is used to try by court-martial got into the Surgeon-General's department, and died there of alcoholism induced by the policy of the W. C. T. U. in substituting rotgut dive whisky for post-exchange beer?

That may be what happened. But, anyhow, the Surgeon-General, not the Judge Advocate General, is the officer best qualified to know what effect the abolition of the post-canteen has had on the army. Soldiers who get drunk are very seldom tried by court-martial. Ordinarily they are put in the guardhouse to sober up.

Safety in Silence

MRS. GAYMON: Yes, auntie, now that I am Herbert's wife, he is another man.

AUNT MARTHA: Well, don't you go telling people you're another man's wife or you'll be getting tried for bigamy.

Solid

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY: What's the matter with last arrival? He's been in our hottest room now for twenty-four hours, and hasn't thawed out yet.

ASSISTANT FIREMAN: No, your Majesty. You see, just before he left he took a winter's ride in an auto with his spring overcoat on.



"I SAY, GRANDMA, DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD MANNERS FOR YOU TO GET UP AND GIVE YOUR SEAT TO COMPANY?"

Eternal Query

THE question as to whether Mary Baker Eddy is alive or not is interesting.

The latest rumors from Concord are that she will live forever. Not confirmed. Being alive is, after all, a delicate question on the part of all of us, and open to constant suspicion. Some folks are half dead, others have one foot in the grave and the other in mortal mind.

It is contended by many that life is after all only a dream, open, of course, to many interpretations, none of which is entirely satisfactory to captious critics.

Indeed, it seems to be an open question as to whether most of us are alive or not. It is freely admitted that the preponderance of evidence is in favor of Theodore Roosevelt being alive, the burden of proof being on those he has not butted into. Per contra, how is it with Herr Conried? There be divine harmonies. Is he one of them, or among the ultra mundane or ragtime entities?

The truth is that no one can really settle the question as to whether any of us is really alive or not. Possibly we may be all muttering in our sleep.



THE HUMAN ZOO

Wild Ben as a Lecturer



THE spectacle of Senator Ben Tillman going about the Middle West giving lectures for the benefit of churches and hospitals is not without its appeal to the risibilities of observers.

There is no doubt that Senator Ben is a good lecturer, but he is pretty strong stuff and shakes the nerves of some of the managers of institutions for the furtherance of morals and Christian deportment who covet the usufruct of his talents.

It has got around that in his recent heated discourse at Chicago the Senator used language of much vigor, including some words like "damn" that are rated as unsuitable for lyceum use. Learning this the trustees of the Methodist Church, at Bellaire, Ohio, tried to bind him not to put any execrations into the lecture they had engaged him to deliver for the benefit of their church. But the Senator wrote back that he could not tell what might happen at the lecture, and declined to pledge himself to use no bad words.

In that we think the Senator used good business judgment. His reputation as "Wild Ben, the Pitchfork Orator," is one of his chief attractions. Folks like it better not to know beforehand what he may say, or how obstreperous he may become. The uncertainty makes his show more interesting. If he were guaranteed to be tame he would appear as an expurgated Tillman, and the price of admission would have to be cut in two.

Appearing as he does as an Unexpurgated Terror, he says he finds the Northern lecture business gloriously profitable. As he stands, he holds the record as the nearest thing to a football game that can be given indoors.

Our American Cyrano

WHEN Cyrano de Bergerac went forth to knightly service his fascinatingly ugly face was surmounted by a snow-white plume, that was to him an emblem of purity, pride and valor. Something of the same dramatic instinct

must have inspired our own Mark Twain when he stormed our legislative citadel clad in white flannels. To paraphrase Caesar—he came, he was seen, he conquered. It was a theoric performance, and probably no other man in this country could have escaped ridicule. It was a boyish stunt suggestive of "Tom Sawyer," but hardly worthy of a man of his years and honors.

This winter Mr. Clemens has been much engrossed in the work of writing his autobiography, in which he has the active aid of Albert Bigelow Paine. Mr. Clemens rarely rises before eleven, when he puts in two hours of dictation. After lunch, he and Mr. Paine play billiards most of the afternoon. His billiard-table was a gift from Henry M. Rogers and was to have been a Christmas present, but the "great American humorist" couldn't wait till then. Which is another indication that temperamentally, at least, Mr. Clemens is just a big-hearted boy who will never grow up.

Somehow Mr. Clemens wearing white flannels in winter is a much more edifying spectacle than the thought of Clyde Fitch in black silk pajamas, which is reported to be a fad of his.

Unconventional attire probably never led to such disastrous results as that



LEOPOLD'S JOKE

"THEY DO NOT ASK A MAIDEN'S HAND IN CONGO," SAID THE KING.
"THEY TAKE AN AX, I UNDERSTAND,
AND GET IT QUICK, BY JING!"

which attended the first lecture in this country of a noted French savant. The lecture was given before the student body of one of our big universities, and the Frenchman saw nothing wrong apparently in delivering a morning lecture in a dress suit.

A small man and unimpressive in appearance, his rapid entrance was greeted with conventional applause. Then suddenly a voice called out in cheerful accents, "Who wants the waiter!"

An Exception



MANSFIELD, the actor, was the guest of honor at a large dinner given by a prominent Chicago woman.

Arriving a half-hour late, he found the guests busy with the first course. As he entered the dining-room, his hostess, showing her annoyance at his tardy appearance, tactlessly reminded him of his late arrival. Mr. Mansfield slowly glanced around the table at the ladies' faces, and then in his most suave and courteous manner replied: "Mrs. —, I was detained by an important dress rehearsal, but I deeply regret now that I took the time to remove my make-up."

"Love Among the Artists"

AMERICANS on the Riviera are laughing at a certain Hoosier novelist and his wife who are openly expressing their chagrin at the arrival of an heir. They had always declared they would never be bothered with children, and now! The chances are that the poor infant will soon be left to the tender mercies of hirelings, while the artistic temperament continues to find expression in travel and novel-writing.

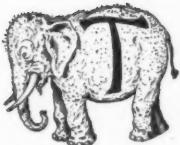
It is probably true that the birth-rate is lower among literary folk than with any other class, school-teachers excepted. But as lamentable as is this fact, even

more to be deplored is the number of marital shipwrecks among the rising generation of literary folk. In each case the trouble seems to be that both husband and wife were afflicted with the artistic temperament. Both wrote, or one wrote and the other painted or played or went in for the art crafts. So long as one member of the firm is possessed of common sense and the domestic instinct there is every chance that the fire will continue to burn brightly on the family hearth.

A certain clever young novelist has a lawyer for a husband. His life is given over to hard work and adoration of his wife. She also works hard and cheerfully accepts his homage. They are not domestic, but they are busy and they are happy.

The situation is reversed in the case of a popular writer and lecturer whose society wife seems ever a little jealous of her husband's fame. When he has done a book she insists on seeing it through the press and generally making the publisher's life a burden to him. When her husband lectures she likes to sit in the front row, and she has been known to interrupt him in the midst of his discourse to a distinguished audience, triumphantly to make a small correction as to fact. This couple also are not domestic. They are both busy, as will have been seen, but one doubts if they are both happy. One expects to find eccentricities in men of genius, but it is deplorable to see the parental possibilities of healthy men and women wasted on art with a small a.

The Latest Ananias Club



HE Roosevelt Ananias Club is an organization of statesmen who have failed to interpret satisfactorily the Presidential utterances, and who have vainly imagined their version and recollection of Rooseveltian hints, requests, commands, conversations and other vocal memoranda had equal weight with those of the Exalted Rough Rider. The club is increasing rapidly, its latest addition being Bellamy Storer, who joins the body with reluctance, protest and publicity. Not every man is eligible for membership in this Senate of Prevarication. A probationary period covering intense Presidential friendship, vows of devotion, pledges of loyalty and intimate corre-

spondence is the first stage; discussion, declamation, denunciation, disruption and dismissal follow; and then—the club. If unwary the new member may seek documents; if wise, obscurity. The administration affidavit men, Cortelyou and Loeb, discourage pertinacity with press and pressure.

Mr. Storer's membership is based on Ireland, the Vatican and a cardinal's hat. Ireland and the red hat are as prolific of trouble as France and the *bonnet-rouge*.

"A Rag, a Bone and a Hank of Hair"



R. S. WEIR MITCHELL is almost as well known as a specialist in nervous diseases as he is

as the author of the best historical novel this country has produced. Not long ago he had occasion to pass sentence upon a society woman suffering with nervous prostration. He talked with her a few moments, then scrawled a line to the head physician of a sanatorium, and dismissed her. His prescription was brutally brief. He had merely written, "Put ten pounds on this woman."

A light service it would seem for what was probably a heavy fee. And yet it meant everything. It meant a period of normal living, it meant utter detachment from all social life—eating the right thing and sleeping at the right time. It meant, in a word, relaxation of body and mind.

A pitiless diagnosis of the modern

novel too often reveals under the surface smartness of style its essential flabbiness. How well Dr. Mitchell's prescription fits the case!

To give substance to his book the author must go through a period of detachment and sustained effort. He must dwell on the heights of Parnassus in solitude and contemplation.

But he doesn't—not in these days! What the afternoon-tea habit is to the society woman the insidious short story is to the aspiring novelist. With the multiplication of machine-made magazines there has been created an unlimited demand for machine-made stories. The siren voices of a host of editors softly caroling,

"We pay five cents a word—

Have you heard, have you heard?" is enough to drown the plunks on the sweetest lyre a muse-inspired man ever played upon.

To the popular writer a short story sold means a fur-lined overcoat; and six of them, a six-cylinder motor-car. In these days only the financially independent can afford the luxury of writing novels. There was a time when starving in a garret was considered proper preparation for a work of genius. But that was before Grub Street was bitten with the microbe of Socialism.

• A Charge to Keep He Has

"JOHN D. ought not to be criticized."

"Why not?"

"Hasn't he always been faithful to his trust?"



TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES

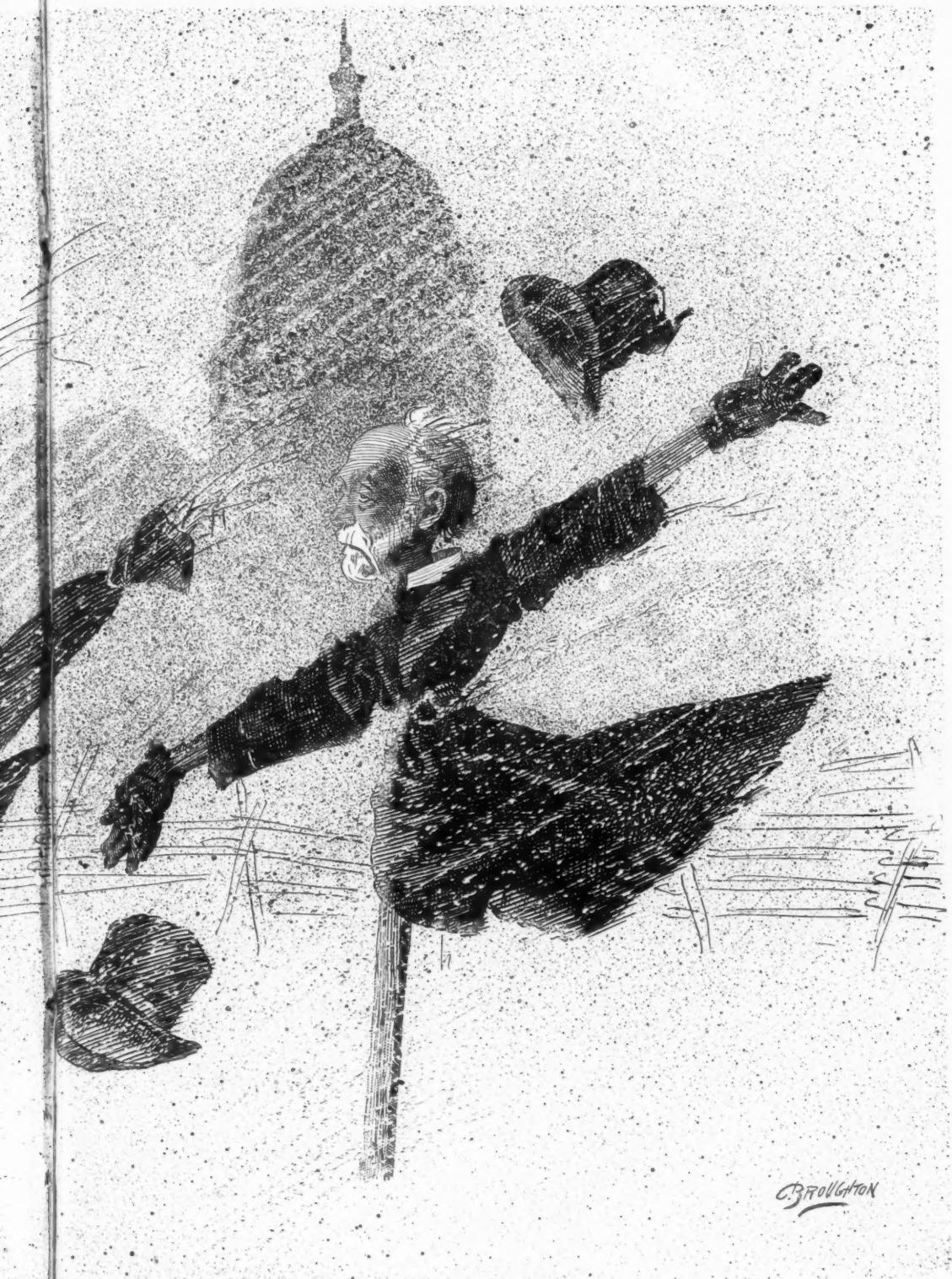
LIFE

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WEATHERING THE STORM

LIFE



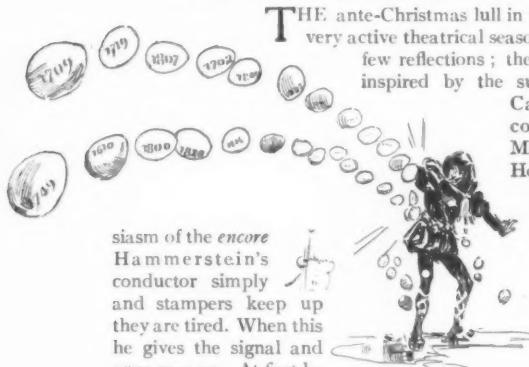
CATERING THE STORM

They Were Friends

"MY FACE is my fortune," said Angeline Brown. Said Isabel Smith, "To be sure, You are not to blame; and, besides, we all know It isn't a crime to be poor."



Dealing Properly with the Matter of Applause



siasm of the *encore* Hammerstein's conductor simply and stampers keep up they are tired. When this he gives the signal and ance goes on. At first he some time, much to the annoyance of the better bred persons in the audience. When the fiends found that their noise did not accomplish their purpose and only delayed the performance, they gave up.

Of course, there is applause and applause. There are times when even the most jaded and cold-blooded theatre-goers are carried away by enthusiasm for some especially brilliant accomplishment. This does not occur so often that it calls for any special comment or suggestion. The noxious applause is that persistently kept up by a minority or small part of an audience for other reason than to vent enthusiasm or to express approval. In some cases, it would even seem that certain individuals in an audience are trying to get full value for their money by insisting on every possible moment of entertainment. These are often aided by another class of applauders, to be found in every audience, who appear to enjoy calling attention to themselves by the noise of their hands. It is a fair presumption that these last are able to attract public attention in no other way. Add to these the personal friends of the actors and management who may happen to be in the audience, and the occasional deadhead who shows his gratitude for hoped-for free tickets in the future by noise in the present, and we have a combination which can, and often does, make itself an annoyance to the great majority of the audience.

* * *

ADD to fool applause the natural desire of the actor to make the most of applause of any kind, and the stage manager or conductor has a considerable task on his hands. Fortunately, in this time and in this part of the country, we are not often inflicted with the ridiculous anticlimax of a character who has died or been killed in the middle of a play being resurrected by the vanity of the impersonating actor to take a "curtain call." It has oc-

curred even here and during the present season, but it was due to the strong-handed friends of an actor who would not let him stay quietly and artistically dead, but insisted on bringing him to life by splitting the ear-drums of less specially interested spectators.

Signor Campanini's firmness in this matter might well be imitated by some of our dramatic stage managers. They are often the sole referees to determine who has it in the matter of applause, and the non-noisy members of an audience have some rights which these functionaries should protect. Too often they lean to the side of good nature in gratifying professional vanity or in helping the management to sustain the idea of success. In this all hands are also aided by the national trait of fearing publicly to register a complaint. Fortunately this timidity is occasionally overcome and that very sensible and potent weapon of disapproval, the hiss, brings the fool or interested applauder to a sense of his offensiveness. The right to hiss, properly used, is a valuable one, and it is a mark of the intense good-nature of American audiences that it is not more frequently resorted to in the face of strong provocation. It has been held by some legal authorities that the right to applaud did not carry with it the right to hiss, because hissing might tend to incite a breach of the peace. If some of the legal lights who have expressed this view could be seated next to one of the strong-handed gentry in a New York theatre, they might be convinced by practical experience that silly and strenuous applause also rouses the desire to commit a breach of the peace.

Both Signor Campanini and the reasonable persons in his audiences are to be congratulated on his success in dealing with this annoyance. His example is worthy of imitation.

* * *

ON ACCOUNT of the Theatrical Trust's embargo, LIFE is unable to review the matinee productions of Browning plays at the Hudson Theatre under the management of Mr.



"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"
(With apologies to LIFE's cartoon of the same title)



GOGGIN WAS TELLIN' ME HE SETS HIS CLOCK TWO HOURS AHEAD NIGHTS SO AS HE CAN HAVE TWO HOURS TO HIMSELF IN THE MORNIN' BEFORE HE GOES TO WORK. OI'M GOIN' TO SET MINE TWENTY-FOUR AHEAD SO I CAN HAVE A WHOLE DAY OFF TO-MORROW.

Henry B. Harris. From all accounts, however, they were simply a direful imitation of the charming performances of "Pippa Passes" given at the Lyric by a cast headed by Mrs. Le Moine and staged by Mr. Henry Miller. It is amusing to see the Trust trying to compete in anything that requires education, good taste or artistic motive. The result invariably bears out LIFE's recorded estimate of its mental equipment. This Browning episode is about as funny as the spectacle of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger attempting to pose as the producers of Mr. Forbes Robertson's staging of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra." The Trust should confine itself to "The Ham Tree," Mr. George Cohan's concoctions, and art of that type. There's more money in it for that intellectual organization.

* * *

MR. JAMES L. FORD discourses entertainingly in the *Reader Magazine* concerning certain weaknesses in the plan of the New Theatre now building on Central Park West, and which under the management of Herr Heinrich Conried is to take care of the destinies of the legitimate drama in America. Mr. Ford also comes to the rescue of "commercialism," which is one of the evils to be eradicated by the New Theatre. He says:

The "commercialism" of which I speak is the policy of choosing those plays that will suit the great-

est number of people, selling as many tickets as possible and neglecting the tastes of neither the gallery nor the boxes in a frank endeavor to achieve a popular success. . . . Commercialism, therefore, means a successful appeal to the greater part of the clean-minded public; and this, so far from being detrimental to the best interests of the drama, is its very life and breath. . . . As every student of the stage knows, commercialism of the kind that I have indicated is far more closely entwined with the stage than with any other form of art. A book or a picture or a statue may be addressed only to a limited class or to a mere scattering of individuals and still hit the mark at which it is aimed. The drama does not address itself to individuals, but to humanity.

The trouble with Mr. Ford's defense is that he has selected a kind of commercialism which no one has attacked. In fact, what he defends is not commercialism at all, but a condition of public education and public taste in stage affairs which only time and the spread of culture can change.

The commercialism deprecated and opposed by the friends of the American theatre is that which applies the methods of the Standard Oil Trust and other commercial despots to the control of dramatic art. The monopoly known as the Theatrical Trust sought to do this very thing and, as the men in control of it were vulgar and utterly devoid of artistic knowledge or artistic instincts, this form of commercialism has been resented as calculated to debase and even destroy dramatic art in America.

So far as can be learned, the New Theatre has nothing to do with this aspect of theatrical commercialism. The New Theatre has its origin in the fact that Herr Heinrich Conried appropriated the ideas of those who advocated the endowment of a National American Theatre, and in conjunction with certain gentlemen who had real estate to sell succeeded in interesting a number of good-natured millionaires in his project. The only harm that the New Theatre can do is to retard for a time the endowment of the real National Theatre. It may do some good in furnishing the needed financial support for a permanent theatre, with a continuing stock company. As a rich man's toy under German management, it can hardly become in any way an effective influence in shaping the destinies of the American stage.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: So you criticize Shakespeare and Mantell. A great man once said that the smile of *Mona Lisa*, the fury of *Lear*, the melancholy of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth's* ambition and *Iphigenia's* purity were four things that would follow him to the grave. Since only what is "gay and frivolous and exciting is relief to our brains, etc., why do you not suggest a few coon songs interspersed through the monotonous performance of "Lear" or, better, the assistance of May Irwin, whom you so highly recommend as a "gloom-destroyer." Ah, LIFE, life is not all horseplay, and to some minds the "unpleasantly tragic" *Lear* has as much right to the boards as the

"coon rag" and Irish patter-sunged "Mrs. Wilson Andrews."

Your friend,

Nov. 28.

C. A. E.

LIFE's criticism was that "Lear" without the very best kind of a production, even if its leading role was interpreted by so experienced and intelligent an artist as Mr. Mantell, was a bit too gloomy to compete with the lighter and more popular offerings of the day. Our Utah correspondent's suggestion is going a bit too far, but there's no denying that if May Irwin had been cast as *Cordelia*, she would have cheered things up a bit.

* * *

A SLAP in the face to those who had any hope that the New Theatre was to stand for the advancement of the American stage is administered by Herr Heinrich Conried in his latest announcement. That is, that a Frenchman has been selected as manager of his musical productions and an Englishman as his dramatic manager. Let us hope that this Anglo-Franco-Germanic triple alliance will not get to fighting among itself.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Continued run of Mr. Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King." Traditional story of the friendship of David and Jonathan, interestingly adapted to the stage.

Astor—Charles Klein's "The Daughters of Men." Dramatic treatment of the labor and capital question. Well staged.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and R. W. Tully. Mexican California in its days of transfer to the United States. Interesting play admirably presented.

Bijou—Mr. Henri de Vries in "The Double Life." Notice later.

Casino—"The Blue Moon." Conventional musical comedy, with Mr. James T. Powers as the comedian. Diverting.

Empire—Revival of Maude Adams's well-known performance of *Peter Pan* in Mr. Barrie's charming fantasey of that name.

Garden—Mr. Henry W. Savage's opera company in "The Student King." Notice later.

Garrick—Last week of "Clarice." Mr. William Gillette and Marie Doro in the leading roles of amusing light comedy.

Hackett—Rose Stahl as the star in "The Chorus Lady." Excellent portrayal of one aspect of life in the Tenderloin.

Herald Square—Mr. Lew Fields, Blanche Ring, Mr. Peter Dailey and good cast in amusing burlesque of "The Great Divide."

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days" Indians, ballet and spectacle, with remarkable water effect. All good.

Lincoln Square—Mr. Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box." Extremely amusing farcical comedy.

Lyric—Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea." Satirical view of fashionable married life. Very well acted and entirely worth seeing.

Madison Square—"The Three of Us." Charming play of American life in the mining West. Admirably acted, with Miss Carlotta Nillson as the star.

Majestic—Mr. Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard." Light comedy of college life.

Manhattan—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Law and the Man." Notice later.

Princess—"The Great Divide," with Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin as the stars. Serious and interesting play of American life, well acted.

Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville.

Weber's—"The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Notice later.

THE LATEST BOOKS



THE two volumes of *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, selected from G. Bernard Shaw's contributions of a decade ago to the London *Saturday Review*, would be entertaining, enlivening and enlightening reading even had they been published anonymously and did the internal evidence of their authorship mean nothing to us. As it is, they are doubly interesting, for they fairly bubble over with Shaw, and it is what Mr. Huneker calls "the Shaw in the woodpile" that determines their most valued relevancy. "I hate Shaw," a woman said to me the other day. "I never know when he is serious." A good way to find out is to read *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* and then read these *Dramatic Opinions and Essays* and then re-read *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

J. C. Snaith has written a rather original and on the whole a thrillingly effective story in *Henry Northcote*. Its action covers less than a week in the life of a young London advocate of brilliant but unrecognized attainments, to whom professional temptation comes in the form of a sudden professional opportunity. Mr. Snaith's old mania for polysyllables still clings to him and at times sadly dulls the incisiveness of his writing. Indeed there are passages of his present work, especially in its earlier chapters, when this verbal vanity might easily discourage the unpersevering and thus cheat them of the pleasure of reading about a genius who actually produces the goods. For *Henry Northcote*, in the trial scene which is the climax of Mr. Snaith's story, carries his readers as well as the court and jury off their mental feet.

There is one among the new books of which we must speak with something of that reluctant hesitancy which we all feel in face of untimely claims by long-respected friends. This is the volume of *Stay at Home Travels* by Edward Everett Hale, containing the aftermath of his *Memories of One Hundred Years*, bits of tradition and history and patriotic lore from New York and the New England States. We have no quarrel with patriotism nor even, on sufficiently broad lines, with reminiscent patriotism. But this book makes us feel as if, to quote Mr. H. G. Wells, "the mind of the world were dead and they were distributing souvenirs."

Geronimo's Story of His Life, as dictated through an interpreter to Mr. S. M. Barrett and edited by him, makes a record of considerable value and very graphic interest. It is the only opportunity we have ever had or are ever likely to have of seeing ourselves as the Apaches see us. It is as naive and as uncomprehending in its attitude toward civilized barbarism as the average white man is in his attitude toward barbarous civilizations. It is as though the most imaginative of our psychological naturalists had written the autobiography of a rattlesnake, only it has the advantage of authenticity.

The Flock is the title of Mary Austin's latest work, a worthy companion piece to *The Land of Little Rain* and *The Basket Woman*, dealing with the shepherds and the sheep of California's open range. Mrs. Austin's writings, always excepting her novel *Isidro*, are temperamental in their essence and their underlying burden is the spirit of the desert. They are little works of art lying in the tenuous interspace between stories and descriptive writing and aglow with that unexpected mastery of an inadequate medium which we see in a water color by Israels.

It is certainly better reading than Frances Charles's romance of Arizona, when Geronimo and his Apaches were there and on the war-path, *Pardner of Blossom Range*. This is a tale which moves slowly through much sentiment and the playful badinage of ranch repartee to the fulfillment of a somewhat meager and easily anticipated action. It is not without its happy situations and its well-rendered local feeling, but is essentially a story for the youthful sentimental.

John Bain, Jr.'s, little volume upon *Cigarettes in Fact and Fancy* is one of the gift book trivialities of the year which is peculiarly adapted to its end in that it spreads a wide net for the attention of those who thumb its pages. It offers curiosities of information for the curious, verses for the versatile and hot air for the airish about My Lady Nicotine.

J. B. Kerfoot



"IS DOCTOR BLUFF IN?"
*Truthful James: I THINK NOT. I SEEN HIM TEN MINUTES AGO, IN THE CONSULTIN' ROOM WITH SOME OTHER DOCS, AND HE WUZ SEVENTY-FIVE DOL-
 LURZ OUT.*



HOW I SLEW MY FIRST GRIZZLY

Dramatic Opinions and Essays, by G. Bernard Shaw. Two Volumes. (Brentano's. \$2.50.)

Henry Northcote, by John Collins Snaith. (Herbert B. Turner and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Stay at Home Travels, by Edward Everett Hale. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

Geronimo's Story of His Life, edited by S. M. Barrett. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)

The Flock, by Mary Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Pardon of Blossom Range, by Frances Charles. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

Cigarettes in Fact and Fancy, by John Bain, Jr. (H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston.)

Moments of History

CORNWALLIS hesitated to surrender until he had made the proper terms. Calling the Father of this country aside, he put the case plainly.

"If," he said, "no arrangement is made so that in the future English lords can have any American girls they want for the mere asking, the country will go to the dogs."

Washington, patriotic to the core, could scarcely express his gratitude.

And when the papers had been signed he said:

"Old man, I can't thank you enough! Newport and London are now one!"

A True Optimist

"I'VE a great deal to be thankful for," said an old woman in the almshouse. "I've two teeth left and they're opposite each other."

Nature's Ways

"NATURE," declares Mr. James J. Hill, "knows no political parties."

And yet the human heart is part and parcel of nature, the part and parcel, too, which is most to be reckoned with in human affairs, and while there are hearts to love and to hate, to be sweetly or sourly unreasonable, does anybody doubt that there will be parties?

Mr. Hill is conceivably right in accusing the barriers which parties have raised up between Uncle Sam and Our Lady of the Snows, and in calling them a commercial nuisance. But Nature, as it happens, fortunately or unfortunately, is not altogether in the commercial way. Commerce, with her, is but one means among many, all to ends more or less hidden from our short sight. National feuds, as well as national amities, have their part in her processes. Tariff walls are annoying, or even unjust, if you please, but far from being unnatural, they are among the most natural things in the world.

Reversed

FIRST FLY: That molasses must have had alcohol in it.
SECOND FLY: Why?

"Well, about all zish ceiling does ish t' fall down on me all the time."

S MITH: Have you had that dachshund long?

SCHMIDT: Dat torg? Ach, nein, neffer any longer dan he now iss!



HE KNEW THEM

"What's up, Tommy?" said a good-natured London coster, who was passing, to a small boy who was sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, me farden! Hi've lost me brite farden!" wailed the little lad, continuing his search.

"Ere, mates," said the man to some others standing near, "let's help the pore kid find 'is farden," and the company set to work.

In a few minutes one of them picked up the missing coin.

"Ere y're, Tommy," he said; "ere's yer farden."

Then, looking at it in the light of a street lamp, "W'y, it ain't a farden at all; it's a 'arf-quid."

"Garn!" said the boy, as he snatched away the coin. "D'ye think Hi was going to let yew blokes know hit was a 'arf thick 'un? W'y, wun of yer would 'a' ad 'is foot on it afore Hi'd 'ad tyme ter turn rahnd."

And he vanished round the corner like a streak of lightning.

—*Tid-Bits*.

WHERE CHARITY BEGINS

The public-spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her. She stared at him in her near-sighted way.

THE LADY: Little boy, haven't you any home?

THE LITTLE BOY: Oh, yes'm; I've got a home.

"And loving parents?"

"Yes'm."

"I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

"Yes'm."

"Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

"Yes'm."

"Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?' next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, at Lyceum Hall?"

(Explosively): "What's the matter with you, ma? Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THOSE HAUNTING NOTES

There was a peculiar sound from the direction of the woods as the member of the Birdlovers' Society sat in the window of her friend's country home one summer afternoon.

She quickly took her small "Bird Guide" from her ever-present bag, and rapidly turned the leaves. At last she paused with a smile of satisfaction, and listened, with her finger between two leaves of the little book, till the sound came again.

When it was repeated an expression of doubt flitted across her features, but still she was hopeful.

"You probably know many of the bird notes, living so near the woods and in such a quiet spot," she said to her friend. "Can you tell me what bird that is?"

"That," said her friend, briefly, "is our goat. We shall have to move him further off."—*Youth's Companion*.

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JAPANESE HOT WEATHER

Mr. Sato, of the Japanese Peace Commission, praised the cool and stimulating weather at Portsmouth, and was told that in St. Louis the summer weather was quite unbearable.

"We have hot summers in Japan," said Mr. Sato. "We have hot-weather stories there, too. For instance:

A philanthropic Japanese rode through the streets one scorching day, when a beggar-woman accosted him, holding a baby in her arms.

"Kind sir," she said, "will you not give a copper coin to your servant, who is in sore need?"

"Yes, gladly," said the gentleman, and he took out a handful of small change.

"But just as he was about to give this to the woman, he chanced to look closely at her baby, and behold, it was only a great doll.

"Why," he cried, "that baby is a fraud, a sham."

"Yes, your honor," said the woman humbly. "It was so hot I left the real one home to-day!"—*Sabbath Recorder*.



LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS

A CHICAGO hotel had a night watchman who did not take very kindly to a system whereby he was required to go through the hotel at certain hours and touch a set of electric buttons, thus indicating his whereabouts at a given time. So a pedometer was given to him, which would register every step he took.

All went well for a time. One morning, however, the watchman was missing. On search being made, he was found asleep in the engine-room and the pedometer so attached to the piston-rod of the engine that with every stroke it registered a step. It had been traveling all night, and when taken off it registered two hundred and twelve miles.—*Argonaut*.

A RUSSIAN Grand Duke, finding himself with a few days to spare in Paris, went one evening to the theatre, and being a person of some importance, thought himself bound to send a bouquet to the principal actress. A month afterward, being in the same apartments, his servant announced that a lady wished to see him, and going into the room found an unknown lady before him.

"I am afraid your Highness does not recognize me," she said. "I am Mariquita, an actress, and I have come to thank you for your numerous kind attentions."

"I recognize you now, madame," replied the Duke. "But I think you are mistaken. I only sent you one bouquet."

"But it was your servant who brought them each evening," said she.

Accordingly the servant was called, and eventually, with much confusion, he said to his master:

"When I took the first bouquet, your Highness, the lady gave me a tip of five francs, and, as the bouquet only cost forty sous, I made three francs over it. So I repeated the performance with the same result each time. I pray your Highness's pardon."—*Il Riso*.

VARIABLE INDIAN VOTER

"No party can safely count on the vote of the Indian. The smallest thing can change his view," said John N. Florer, of Bartlesville, I. T., one of the oldest Indian traders in the Territory.

"Some time ago the Osage Indians were called into council. The Democrats prepared a feast for them. They barbecued beef and fed the Indians well. And the Indians were 'for' the Democrats. Then the Republicans invited them to a barbecue and they were 'for' the Republicans. After it was all over the Indians met. One of them addressed the meeting.

"Democrat, good, feed Indian," he said. "Republican, good, feed Indian full."

"Then he concluded: 'Both good, Indian go home.'

"And they went. They don't care for any political party. You can't tell whether their votes will tend to make the new State Democratic or Republican."—*Kansas City Star*.

CONTINUE
SUMMER
PLEASURES

IN

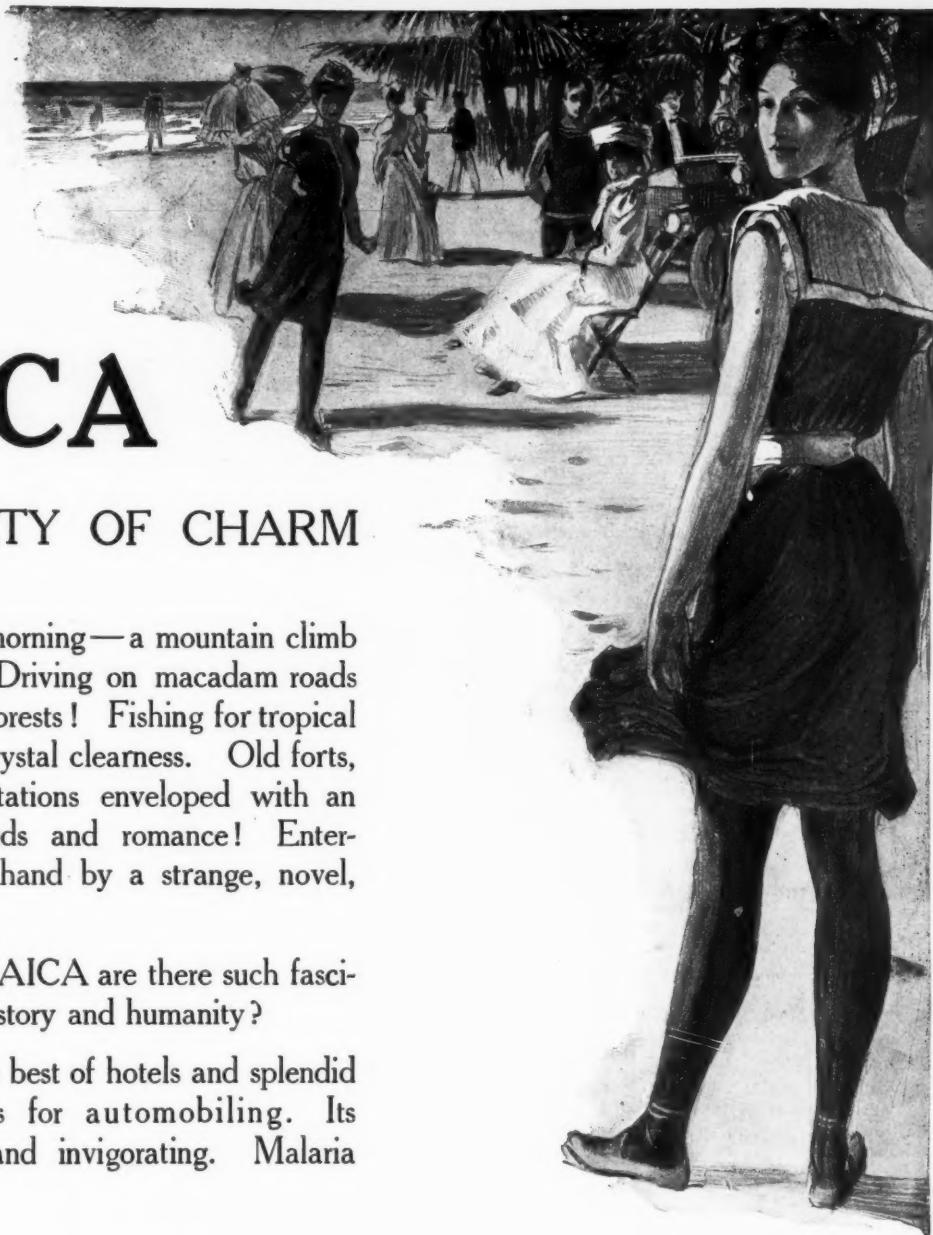
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TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Last Christmas a middle-aged tinplate-worker married a widow whose acquaintance he had made but a few weeks before while working some little distance away from home.

"Sarah," he said nervously, after the guests had departed, "I ave a weddin' present for ye."

"What is it, John?" said Sarah, with a smirk.

"I 'ope ye won't be 'fended, Sarah," said John, more agitated than ever, "but it is—er—er—it is five of 'em."

"Five of wat?" asked Sarah.

"Five children!" blurted out John desperately, anticipating a scene. "I didn't tell ye I 'ad children—five of 'em."

Sarah took the news quite calmly; in fact she appeared relieved.

"Oh, well, John," she said, "that do make it easier for me to tell ye. Five is not so bad as me, whatever. Seven I 'ave got!"

"Wat!" howled John.

"Seven," repeated Sarah composedly. "That is my weddin' present to ye, John."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

A USELESS ART

"Well," said the manager, turning to the fair applicant for a place in his company, "have you any diamonds that you can lose on a railroad train or be robbed of on a ferryboat?"

"No; I'm sorry to say that I do not own any jewelry."

"Is there anybody that we can have arrested for following you around from town to town and making love to you?"

"I don't know of any such person."

"Would you have any objection to being thrown out of an automobile and rolling down a steep embankment?"

"Dear me, that would be dangerous, wouldn't it?"

"Well, what are your recommendations, anyway?"

"I can act."

"Oh! You must think we are still living in the Dark Ages."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

AT AN UP-TO-DATE DEPARTMENT STORE

SHE: I want to see some Brussels.

HE: Yes, madam; in—er—carpets, sprouts or point lace?—*The Taller*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

RECENTLY a prominent member of the Metropolitan Club, at Washington, drove around to the First Assistant Secretary of State's office in the afternoon to take Mr. Bacon for a ride behind a spirited horse he had just purchased, according to the *Washington Star*. The Assistant Secretary always uses an automobile when out himself, but he was "delighted" to go with his friend. They had not gone very far when the horse became exceedingly restive, and Mr. Bacon became nervous.

"Gently, Harry," said the Assistant Secretary. "Don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Harry. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Harry?"

Once on terra firma, Mr. Bacon's views underwent a remarkable change.

"Now, Harry, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up; conquer him; don't spare him—and now I'll leave you to manage him," energetically remarked the Assistant Secretary. "I'll walk back."

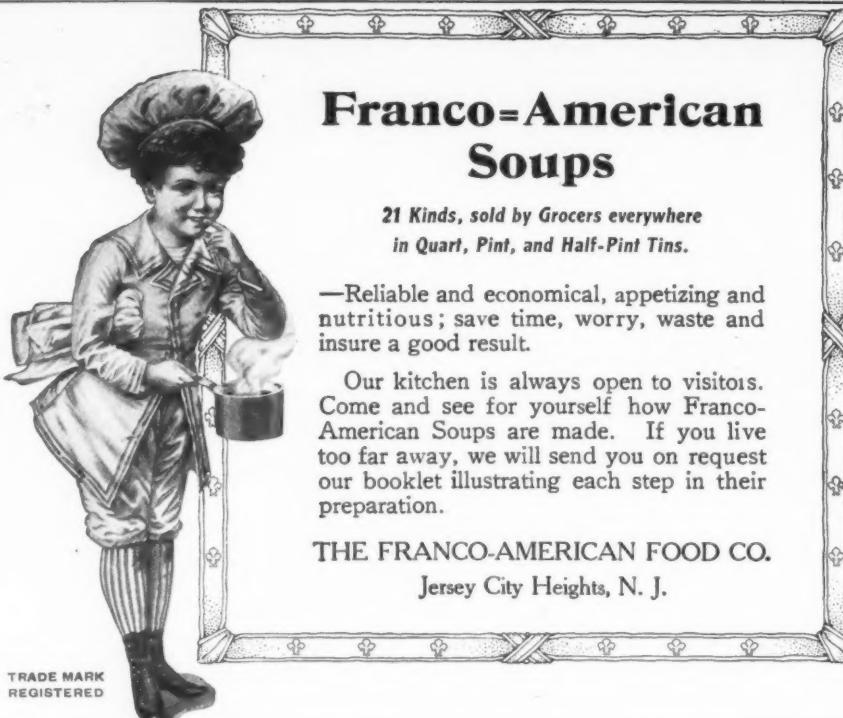
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A FOXY TENANT

At one time there lived in Worcester, Mass., an old negro who had a tremendous influence, religious and political, in the settlement where he lived. He occupied a little house owned by a prominent banker, but had successfully evaded the payment of rent for many years. No trouble came, however, until the banker was nominated to run for a political office. The next day the old negro came hobbling into his office.

"Well, Sam," said the banker, "I suppose you've come in to pay me some rent."

"Oh, no, boss," replied the old man. "I's just come in to say I's glad yo is nominated, and will tell de res' of dese no 'count niggers to vote fo' yo, and to mention to yo at de same time dat de roof of my house is a-leakin', an' if it ain't fixed I'll have to move out directly."—*Lippin's*.



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AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY



IN AN article dealing with "Peer Gynt," "The Wild Duck" and other unfamiliar Ibsen plays that are being produced in America this season, a writer in the *Theatre Magazine* says:

It is plain that the Ibsen cult is largely an affectation. Even if the promoters of the public performance of certain plays by the great Norwegian understand the author, it is a hopeless attempt to make any large number of practical-minded Americans get at the bottom of such recondite things. As impossible as it is for many of us of sound judgment and disposing minds, capable of making wills that will pass the courts, to expound him, it is equally impossible for us to explain why we cannot understand him, or for these promoters to make it clear to us why we are so obtuse. It is a state of affairs that will not be helped out by the production of the plays. The intent and sense is no doubt there, but it is writ in Greek or some equally incomprehensible language. It is Norwegian and will stay Norwegian. The symbols are as baffling as anything dug up from the ruins of some past age. It is pure pedantry to pretend to know what it all means. It may be that a sufficient part of it may be clear enough to afford a certain amount of interest. "I believe you are great; I know you are ugly," was the reflection of some heathen concerning one of his gods, an idol of uncommon and uncompromising fierceness. We believe Ibsen to be great; we are willing to concede it; but he is likewise inscrutable in certain plays. Plays written in the sign language contravene the spirit of the drama. Not the least trace of it can be found in the English drama, and it will be long before any of it will be injected. Shakespeare knew nothing of it. When the English mind expresses itself in that fashion the result is as clear as a mountain stream. A book like "Pilgrim's Progress" is taken to the heart of the common people, and a play like "Everyman" is understood by all. As literature, the particular Ibsen plays that are going to make American audiences ponder in vain are perhaps proper subjects for study, but that they will be wholly and freely and understandingly accepted in stage performance is out of the question. Their merits as recondite things will remain food for scholars. They will not live permanently in the acted drama.

WHILE Wilbur Nesbit was finishing his humorous novel, "The Gentleman Ragman," he was spending a few weeks in a country town in Indiana. He had sent nearly all of the revised manuscript to his publishers, but certain details of the completion of the plot had been the subject of discussion between himself and a friend connected with the publishing house.

One day a telegram for Nesbit was received at the village telegraph office. It read:

"What are you going to do about Annie Davis and Pinkney Sanger?"

Annie is the heroine of "The Gentleman Ragman"; Pinkney is the villain, if there is one in the book. The local telegraph operator personally delivered the message, and Nesbit wrote this reply:

"Will marry Annie Davis and shoot Pinkney Sanger as soon as I return to Chicago."

The operator stared at Nesbit wonderingly when he read the message, but Nesbit did not fathom that stare until the morning when he took the train home, when the village marshal stepped up to him and said, meaningly:

"Mr. Nesbit, I would advise you, as an officer of the law, sir, not to do anything rash when you get to Chicago."—*Harper's Weekly*.



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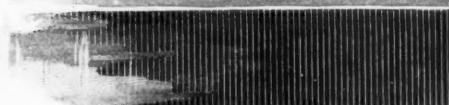
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The result of all this effort is a publication that you will seek with joy because you will know in advance that it will afford diversion for the idle hour, and best of all—something worth while.

THE WORLD TO-DAY is cheerful, progressive and optimistic. It does not believe that the country is going to the bow-wows because there are certain evils that need correcting. While it does not hesitate to criticize where necessary, it can see in these evils only the adversities that go with every great enterprise, like the upbuilding of a giant nation. This is THE WORLD TO-DAY and it will be the same to-morrow; our policy is unchangeable.

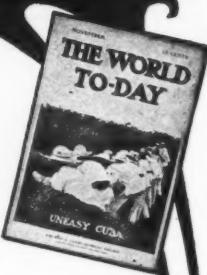
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MISS E. GERTRUDE THOMSON, the artist, tells the following anecdote of the author of "Alice in Wonderland": In 1878 she received a letter written in a singularly boyish, legible hand, sent from Christ Church, Oxford, and signed by C. L. Dodgson. The writer said he had come across some fairy designs of hers, and he should like to see more of her work. Some one informed her that the writer was Lewis Carroll. He asked to be allowed to call upon her, but when he came she was out, so they arranged a meeting in South Kensington Museum.

She wondered how she should recognize him in the usual crowd, or he her. She watched carefully, but saw no one she thought could be the author of her favorite book.

Finally, she heard high, vivacious voices approaching and the laughter of children. A gentleman entered, two little girls clinging to his hands. She knew him instantly. He stood for a moment, head erect, and glanced swiftly around the room. Then he bent down and whispered something to one of the children. After a moment's pause she pointed straight at Miss Thomson.

He at once came forward with extended hand.

"I am Mr. Dodgson. I was to meet you, I think?"

"How did you know me?" she asked.

"My little friend found you. I told her I had come to meet a young lady who knew fairies, and she fixed on you at once. But I knew you before she spoke."

Phonetic Spelling

SARCASM, sarcasum, sarkasom, sarchasm, sarchasim, sarkasim, sarkasam, sarchasum, sarkasum? Which is phonetic when you come to reflect upon it?—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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Hungry Pet Bear

SAM BOWER owned two bears and they were the nicest kind of pets. They grew fond of Sam and would run to him whenever he came in sight. They did not distinguish between individuals, and whenever they became hungry would beg of the first man they met.

One day one of the bears went out into the woods and got lost. A Canyon City sport went bear hunting about the same time. The pet bear saw the sport first, and being hungry ran toward him to beg for food. As soon as the sport saw the bear he ran and when the bear saw the man was running it ran faster. The pace became furious, for the sport was becoming more frightened every second. Finally the sport saw a cabin and made for it.

In an exhausted condition he reached the shelter, threw open the door and, hurrying in, slammed it shut and crept to the window. There stood the bear wagging its tail. But the poor sport remained in his hiding place until Sam came and took the pet away.—*Lung Creek Ranger*.

Sayings of Napoleon

IMAGINATION rules the world.
Force without intelligence is nothing.
No man's loss is irreparable; for no man is indispensable

They should have knowledge who seek to govern others.

Men are led by trifles.

It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

There are two means of moving men—interest and fear.

When a man is bent on public office he has already sold himself.

I conquer provinces, but Josephine wins hearts.
The only victory over love is found in flight.

A faithful friend is the true image of Deity itself.

Death overtakes the coward, but never the brave man until his hour has come.

—*Scrap Book*.

Barred Out

"**Y**VETTE GUILBERT," said a theatrical manager, "received me in Paris. She was busy studying for her American tour. She told me a pretty story of a tiny American millionaire she had met the day before—a little millionaire of six or seven years.

"This youngster, calling on her with his mother, suddenly interrupted his play to ask:

"'Mamma, am I rich?'

"'Well,' his mother answered, smiling and embarrassed, 'you are not poor.'

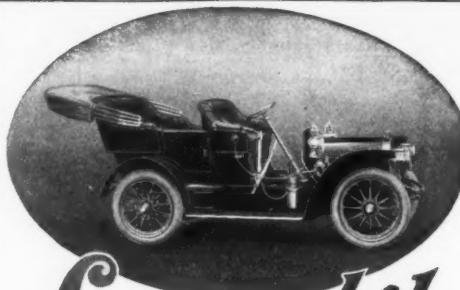
"'Pshaw,' he exclaimed, his face clouding over. 'That bars me out, then. Nurse read to me this morning that the Salvation Army was going to distribute \$25,000 in toys and candy this winter, but it is for poor children only.'—*Washington Star*.

Both Adepts

"**T**HIS paper states that George Ade is engaged to Ethel Barrymore."

"'Well?'

"'I wonder which will get in the denial first?'—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



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Type H, 35 H. P. Standard

Price, \$4,500, with full equipment of five lamps, tools and other accessories. 120-inch wheel base; 34 x 4 tires front, 34 x 4 1/2 tires rear; four speed selective transmission; alloy steel gears. Seats seven, all facing forward. A touring car de Luxe.

Type E, 20 H. P. Limousine

Price, \$3,800, complete with five lamps. Oil lamps are square and placed on body. Seats seven adults. Electric annucluator; electric dome light; toilet set; upholstery and appointments very luxurious. 126 inch wheel base.

Type H, 35 H. P. Limousine

Price, \$5,800, complete with five lamps. Oil lamps are square and placed on body. Seats seven adults. Electric annucluator; electric dome light; toilet set; upholstery and appointments complete and luxurious. 172-inch wheel base.

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A Table of Measures

HE had visited for the first time at the home of the merry-eyed Irishman who did odd jobs at her place. As she was leaving she tripped over a baby, and recovered her balance by clutching a boy's shoulder, while two little girls bumped heads over the privilege of restoring a fallen glove.

"How many children have you, Dennis?" she asked, laughing.

"Not so many as ye'd think, ma'am," answered Dennis, apologetically. "'Tis the scrambling and tumbling of him desaves the eye. There's no more av thim than onct around the table and a little felly or so left over ating on the durestep."

"But how many is that?" she persisted. Dennis smiled a wide, cheerful smile.

"Sivin, is it? No, I'm thinking it's ilivin. No, it can't be ilivin because it's short we are yit of the Widdy Mahoney's number, and that's ilivin, according to the brag of her. Well, maybe 'tis nine, but annyways 'tis onct around the table and two on the durestep."

"That's a new way to reckon," said the visitor.

"By no manes, ma'am," asserted Dennis. "'Twas me grandmother's befor me. Me grandmother had twenty-one children before she died, and kape the count iv thim all as they came along, and which was dead and which living and which wuz immigrated, she never cud do it, small blame to her, nor me grandfather, ayther. So they tuk to counting by tablefuls. 'Twas but a rimnant of the family and rale lonesomelike they felt themselves with on'y onct around; onct wid a stool or two extra and the small childher in lap was betther; twicet around was fair; and wid three full settings and clearings, me grandmother wud shmile acrost the taypot, and then sigh and say, consideringlike:

"If on'y thim that's in Ameriky was wid us the day, it's a foine family I'd be having to satisfy me ould eyes. Ah, well, sorra an empty seat may there be in hivin!"

"She was a foine woman, me grandmother; but I can't consate mesilf she'd think me little family here annything to brag of till we can reckon ourselves beyant onct around."—*Youth's Companion*.

Forgotten

WHO is your favorite composer?" inquired the artistic person.

"I can't say just at this moment," answered Mr. Cumrox, with an appealing glance at his wife, "but it's somebody whose music I can't remember and whose name I can't pronounce."—*Washington Star*.

MANY persons will be surprised to learn that the potato is used in France in the manufacture of imitation meerschaum pipes and "marble" billiard balls. After the potatoes are peeled they are kept for thirty-six hours in an 8 per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. They are then dried and pressed hard enough for use in making pipes. Under strong pressure they become solid enough to be turned into billiard balls.—*New York Tribune*.



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